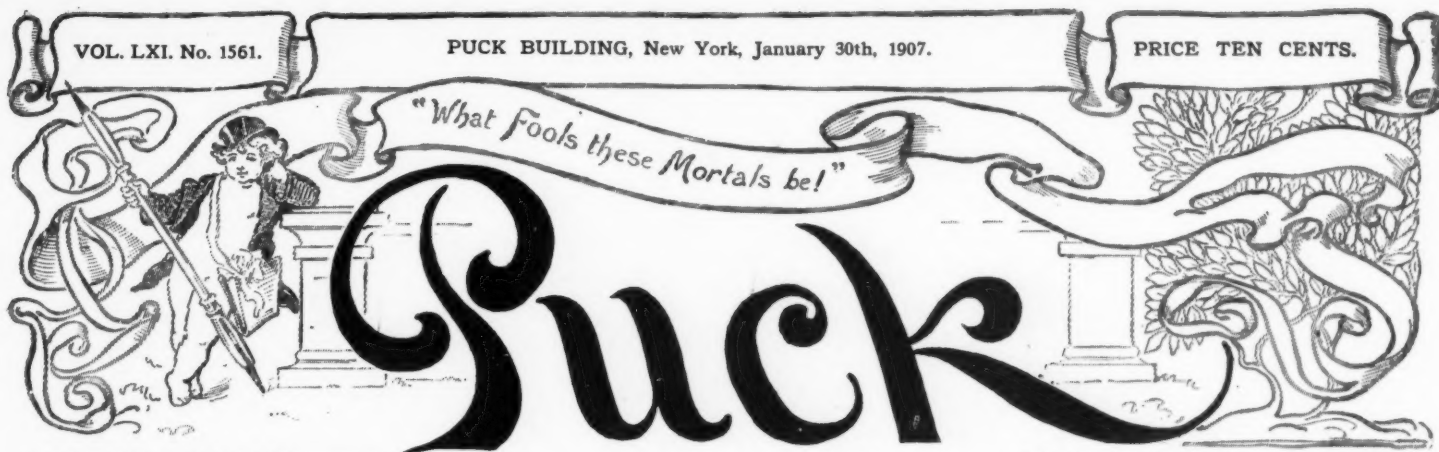


VOL. LXI. No. 1561.

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PRICE TEN CENTS.



THE NEW BABY.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

PROBABLY owing to Swettenham's rudeness, that cross-page cut of the Empire State Express, bearing the label "New York American's Relief Train," remained in its place on Track 23, Park Row Train Sheds.

EVEN IF Senator-elect Guggenheim of Colorado lives up to his advance notices he will never succeed in atoning for the shameless way in which he bought his job.

THE New York Traction Trust, which is trying to break into Brooklyn, has a pretty fair jimmy in the Rapid Transit Commission.

WE DO not blame the Governor of Jamaica for regarding with suspicion the Americans who landed with the avowed intention of aiding earthquake victims. The Governor undoubtedly reads American newspapers, and knows the extent of pillage and robbery in this country. For all the Governor of Jamaica knew, John Rockefeller or Ed Harriman or Hen Rogers might have been in the American landing party.

WE ARE pleased to note that John R. Walsh of Chicago is getting what has been coming to him. He was an especially impudent freebooter of finance.

HAVING established standards for poetry and sculpture, Mr. Roosevelt will next give his attention to music, upon which his opinion is of equal value.

SENATOR PLATT reports having a "nasty cold." Necessarily, if Platt has a cold it is a nasty one.

THE RESPECTED *Brooklyn Eagle* with last night's paper issued a merry musical supplement entitled, "The Bridge Crush March." Previously, it advertised the gift on "L" stations and elsewhere. While editorially and in its news columns the *Eagle* is doing valuable service in organizing the indignation which the bridge crush properly excites and in impressing upon officials and citizens alike the gravity of the situation, it cheapens its own and Brooklyn's cause by bursting suddenly into song and making a musical joke of it. The bridge crush is not a thing to "take home and try on your piano." Fortunately for the *Eagle's* dignity, the musical supplement is of recent origin. Otherwise we might have heard, and with mingled emotions, a "Livingstone Street Widening March."

MME. NORDICA was attired in a mink coat, a black silk dress and white waist. A black picture hat with gray ostrich plumes completed her attire.—*Evening Mail.*

No wonder opera singers catch cold. The idea of going without underwear in January!

AN APOLOGY now goes with every indictment of a trust.

"SUICIDE is desertion," says a Frenchman. Race suicide?

"I MEASURE my words and say them with sorrow."—*Speaker Cannon.*
Punctuated with cuss words and squirts of liquid fine cut.



OH, IF HE ONLY COULD!

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF THEODORE.—You are all discharged without honor-r-r-uh!!

PUCK

THE WILDERNESS FOR HIS.



H, MOTHER, dear mother, I'm off to the wilds;
The town has got on to my nerves:
I'm weary of people that shout all night,
And the screech of the cars on the curves.
I'm going out where there's peace in the air
For forty-two stories, or more:—
I've got an idea I'll thrive rather well
Where only the animals roar.

Afar from the pavements that knew him
of old,

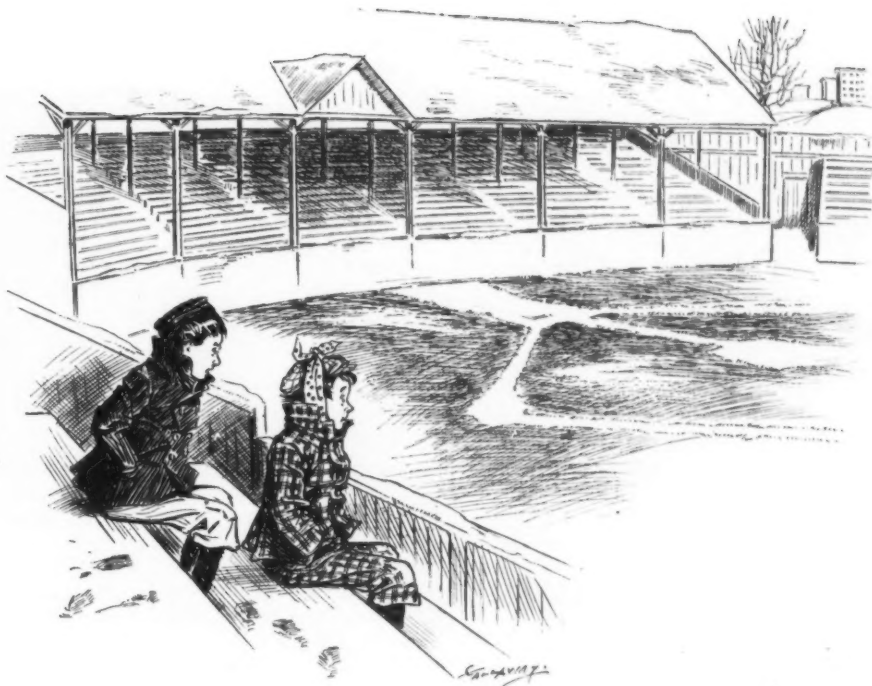
He dwelt in a tent 'neath the sky,
With never a sound save the wail of the
woods,

And the moan of the wind going by.
The silence was vast and the stillness pro-
found,

And it certainly bothered him some:—
Forsooth he remembered the song of the street
And traffic's most beautiful hum.

He blew into town on a glorious day,
And all New York seemed asleep:
He started, he sobbed in a terrible fear,
And his flesh had a horrible creep.
They whispered and told him about the crusade
Against all the noise of the town.
He fled with a howl straight back to the woods
Where he dwells with a heart bowed down.

Fred Ladd.



TWO MONTHS IN ADVANCE.

SMALL HERO WORSHIPPER.—Say, Billy! If yer jest imagine
hard enough, y' kin almost see 'em, can't yer!

ODD MONEY.

THE "SETTER" (*in country store*).—I see by the papers that
Rockefeller's income is \$1.90 ev'ry minute.

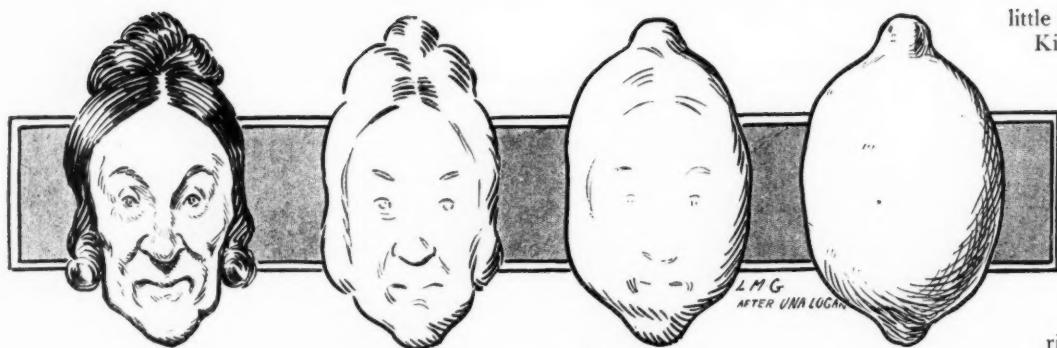
THE STOREKEEPER.—Gosh! It must keep him on the jump
makin' change!

A BURNED child shuns the fire, but when we become men and
women, we put away childish things, if the statistics of remar-
riage after divorce are to be believed.



THE GLEANERS.

IF MILLET HAD WORKED ON PARK ROW.



EVOLUTION OF THE LEMON.

COLLEGE PER POSTMAN.

IF I'm a edjicated man to-day, said the person with the red neck-tie, it's on account of a girl.

Hannah McKies her name was. She lived in Parkinsville, only visited here, and me and another Hamburg fella named Buck Johnson was her steady company right up to the time he left for college. "Hen," she says to me one night, "I like you but Buck is going to have a college edjication and I've just got to marry a edjicated man."

"Well, Hannah," I says, "I can't go away to college and be a plumber at the same time, but I'll pick up a college edjication right here at home and at the end of his four years you see which one of us you like the best."

"All right," says Hannah, "it's a go."

You can just bet I didn't lay off any in the coming forty-eight months. Studied night-times and mornings and every spare moment I had. There was a correspondence school agency in town and I took all the courses that I thought he was liable to take and some extra. So four years after when the day came for both of us to see Hannah I didn't feel a bit uneasy.

It was in the summer and we walked up the street to her house together—neither saying a word. Buck had on one of these pan-cake hats turned down in back, with a long green tie and a soft blue shirt and Oxfords, and pants turned up about a foot. His clothes were brown, checked into little squares about three inches across. My hat was like his, only it was turned up in front as well as in back. I had lavender socks; I'd rolled my trousers up one roll above his and I was leading a white bull terrier.

When Hannah saw both of us she could just clasp her hands and squawk out, "My Goodness! Ain't you grand! Ain't you both just grand!"

Where did I get mine? Why, I'd taken a special course in Tasty Dressing for the last four years and if there was anything from collars to socks that I didn't know about it was because it was never seen in Dane County before. I just looked as per fashion-plate.

"Well," Hannah says, "I guess I've got to make you even on clothes. I like Buck's shirt and necktie better, but Hen has the bull-terrier. Now, how about conversation?"

Not wanting to throw any diplomas at myself, that was where I was a honor man. I'd taken a special long course in How to Talk for Pleasure and Business and the way I ripped things up was a few. I had Buck beat to death on Light and Jestin' Conversation and Books and Current Topics, but he kind of put it over me on Refined Persiflage and Athletics.

"I don't see," says Hannah, "but what one's as good as another in talking. How about Football?"

Say, you'd be surprised to find out how much a man can learn in a good correspondence course. Buck was a

little better maybe in Tackling and Drop Kicks, but when it come to Hitting the Line and Interfering I just did him up all over the side lot. When we went into the house again I could see Hannah was more puzzled than before.

"It's hard to tell between you," she says, "but we'll get the music box and try dancing."

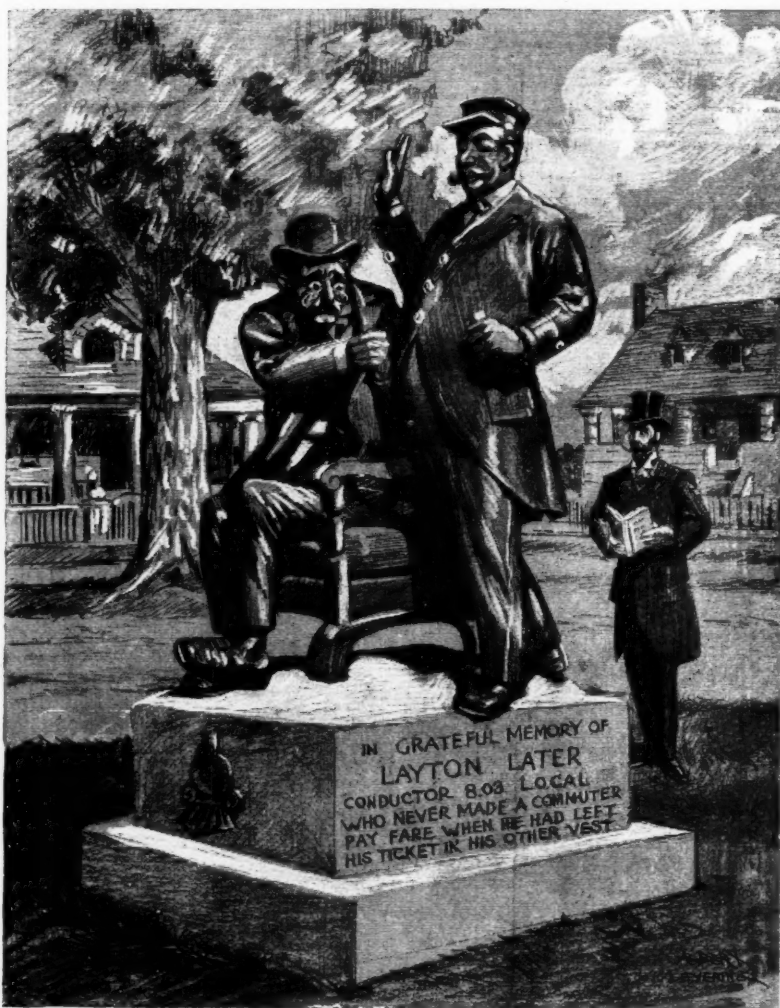
I was a little bit nervous at first because I'd done most of my learning from diagrams; "Move right foot from A to B, crossing left on dotted line and repeat;" that sort of thing you know. But we got on fairly well though I could see I wasn't in a class with Buck. He could dance and talk at the same time while I had to keep counting to myself.

Things looked pretty blue, but when she brought out the tobacco and papers I was all right again. Did you ever take that course in Cigarette Rolling? Buck was good but he was only an amateur where I'd been practicing for an hour and a half every night. He used both hands but I could sit down and roll the neatest you ever saw with only one.

"You're both just even," Hannah says when we got through, "Buck is better in some things and Hen is better in others. Goodness me, what else is there?"

"How about yells?" says Buck, thinking he had me there.

"Good," says Hannah, "give yours," and he let off a lot of sis-boom-bahs and tigers and one thing and another. But I wasn't stumped, no sir. It's a poor correspondence school that don't have

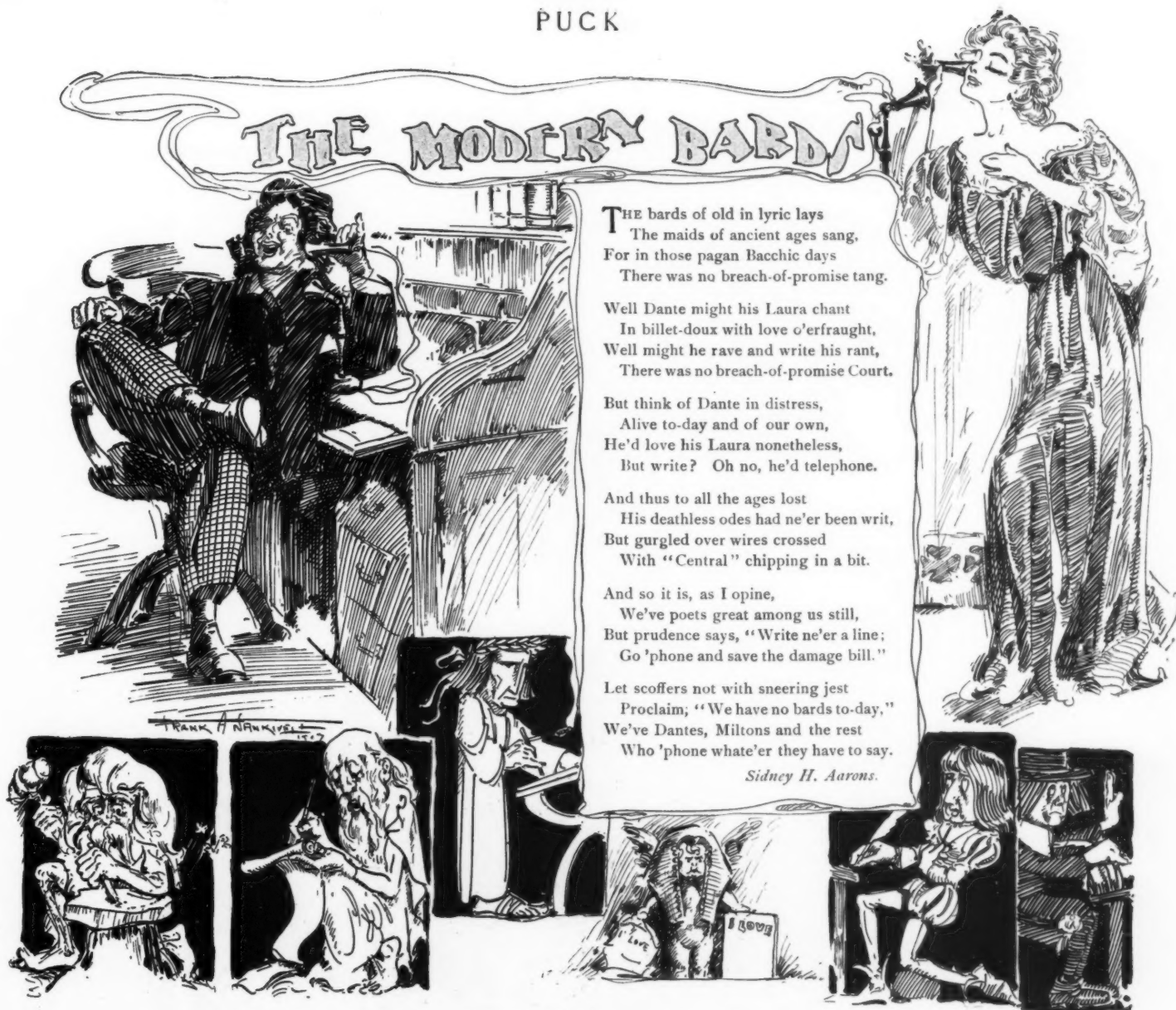


THE SUBURB BEAUTIFUL.

A GROUP WHICH NO "LOCAL" STOP SHOULD BE WITHOUT.

Marriage frequently is the dyspepsia of undigested love.

THE MODERN BARD



THE bards of old in lyric lays
The maids of ancient ages sang,
For in those pagan Bacchic days
There was no breach-of-promise tang.

Well Dante might his Laura chant
In billet-doux with love o'erfraught,
Well might he rave and write his rant,
There was no breach-of-promise Court.

But think of Dante in distress,
Alive to-day and of our own,
He'd love his Laura nonetheless,
But write? Oh no, he'd telephone.

And thus to all the ages lost
His deathless odes had ne'er been writ,
But gurgled over wires crossed
With "Central" chipping in a bit.

And so it is, as I opine,
We've poets great among us still,
But prudence says, "Write ne'er a line;
Go 'phone and save the damage bill."

Let scoffers not with sneering jest
Proclaim; "We have no bards to-day,"
We've Dantes, Miltons and the rest
Who 'phone whate'er they have to say.

Sidney H. Aarons.

a yell and ours was the best in the country. I just broke out till the looking glass rattled:

"Pooh! Pooh! Harvard!
Pooh! Pooh! Yale!
Learn your lessons
Through the mail;
We ain't dummies,
We ain't fools—
Rah! Rah! Correspondence Schools!"

Say, that yell beat Buck's all hollow. What's that? You think I was the lucky man then? Well, no—not right then.

You see she turned off onto college pranks. I'd never taken any course in that but Buck had put a cow in the chemical laboratory and painted a statue of George Washington green and given two Freshmen brain fever. So I was just naturally kerflummuxed. I could see Hannah didn't like Buck much, if any, better'n she did me, but she couldn't think of any more tests and it was a cinch he'd won so far. I was just going to pike off and give 'em a chance to fall into each other's arms like the end of act five when all of a sudden a regular little drip, drip, drip, commences from the parlor ceiling.

"Hannah," her father yells from upstairs, "it's the plumbing gave way. Telephone for the plumber."

Well, it was Saturday afternoon and summer, so it just happened there wasn't a plumber in his shop and all the while the leak was getting worse and worse.

"Oh, what'll we do?" Hannah says.

"Well," says I, "I'm a plumber. Get me a hammer and a screwdriver and a candle and some nails and some ceiling wax and cloth and paper and a pair of pinchers and I'll do my best."

And do you know I worked in that house steady for two

days and a night, and when the old man saw my bill, "Hannah," he says, "there's some things better than a college edjication. I've always hoped you'd marry well, but I couldn't wish you any better luck than to marry a man who can make out a bill like that."

Somehow Buck had kind of faded away and the minister came in and Hannah and me got married.

Horatio Winslow.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

MRS. GASSER.—I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club this afternoon.

MR. GASSER.—I can't believe it! Who outspoken you, my dear?

AN IMPROVEMENT.

THE Uncle Tom's Cabin show at the op'ry house last night was considerable better than when it was here a year ago," grimly said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern.

"How so?" inquired the picture-enlarger.

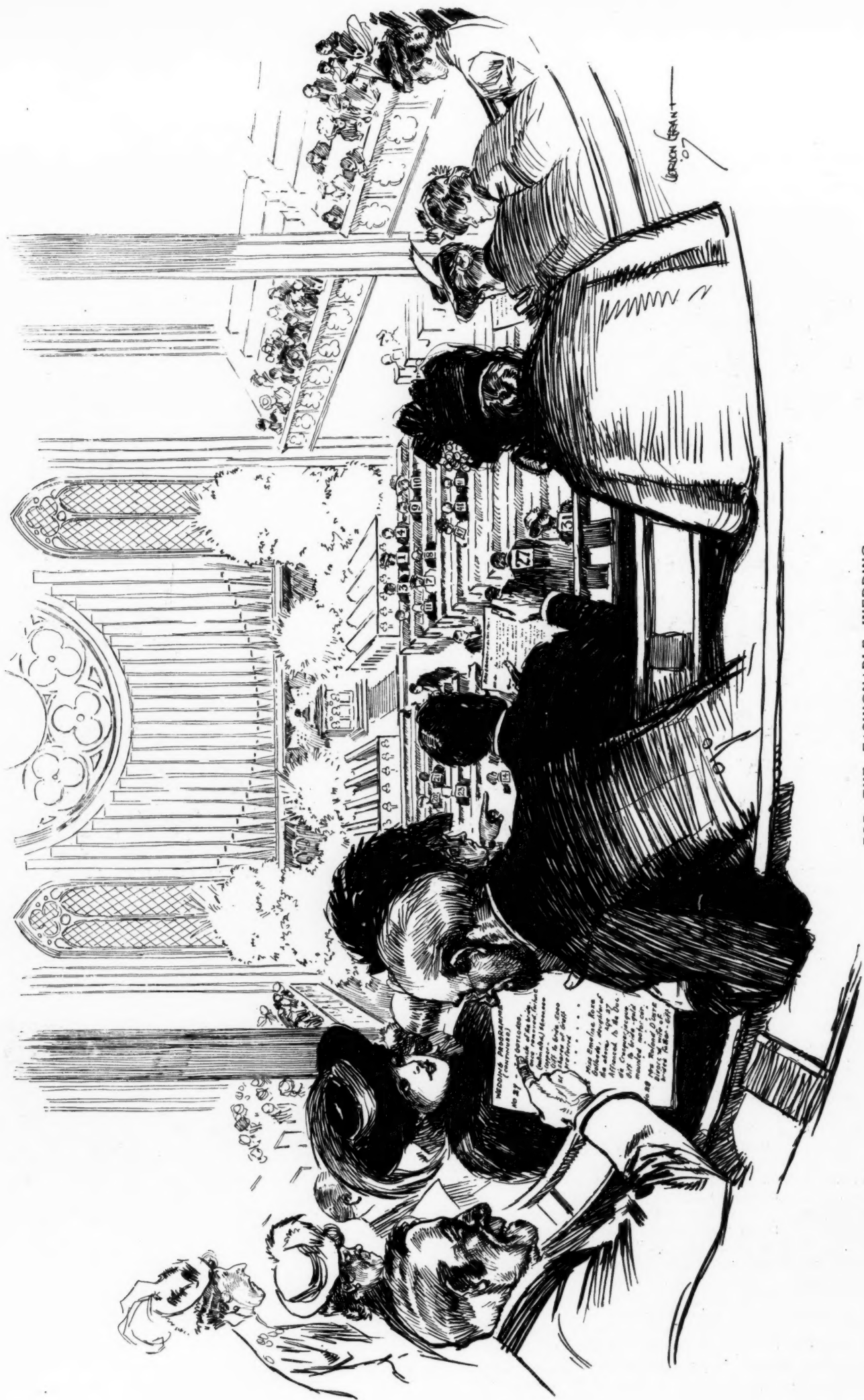
"Oh, they had one more dog and three less actors."

A SUBSIDY is an attempt to buy destiny off.

HE DODGED IT.

DEACON SNOOZER (suddenly awakened).—By ginger! I wish church organs didn't sound like those new-fangled auto-horns!





FOR THE FASHIONABLE WEDDING.
A KINDNESS WHICH THE GREAT UNINVITED UNDOUBTEDLY WOULD APPRECIATE.



THE NEW YORK RAPID TRANSIT COMMISSION ON ITS WAY TO WORK.

January Jibes.

SELF-EVIDENT.

"The human race is still in its infancy." — Sir Oliver Lodge.



ALL the world's a nursery,
Echoing with childish glee.
Human speech is infant prattle;
Symbol of the race, a rattle.

Mark the infant THEODORE,
In rough-riding pinafore.
Watch him boss his playmates 'round.
They don't like it, I'll be bound.
THEODORE must have his way,
Or he will refuse to play.
He must always be the boss;
When he's not it makes him cross.

Mark the little FAIRBANKS child,
With his blocks around him piled;
He plays "White House" all the day
In the slyest sort of way.

There is little TOMMY PLATT;
You can guess what he is at —
Playing with a new French doll,
Pink cheeks and peroxide poll.



Oh, and there is CHAUNCEY D.,
Playing railroad. But you see,
CHAUNCEY doesn't seem to know
How to make his chu-chu go.

Over there is little MARY
BAKER EDDY quite contrary,
Giving, with a solemn air,
Treatments to a Teddy bear,
Telling him, in accents kind,
That the pain is in his mind.

Who can that be over there?
See him spit, and hear him swear!
Isn't he a hobbledohoy! —
That's the rowdy CANNON boy.

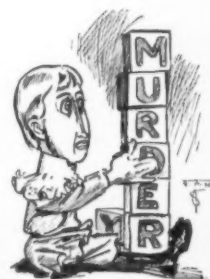
There is little WILLIE HEARST,
In his favorite game immersed,
Building headlines with his blocks,
Just to give us "extra" shocks.

"FATTY" TAFT — But gracious me!
I can't mention all I see,
Every child who plays a part in
Our amusing kindergarten.

I am very glad, aren't you? —
If Sir Oliver says true —
That the human race is still
Only part way up Time's hill.

It is nice to think that we
Still are in our infancy.
Maybe twenty æons hence
We may have a little sense.

B. L. T.



ENNUI HAS a French name for the reason, it is thought,
that the French, being in the forefront of civiliza-
tion, progress and enlightenment, discovered it first.

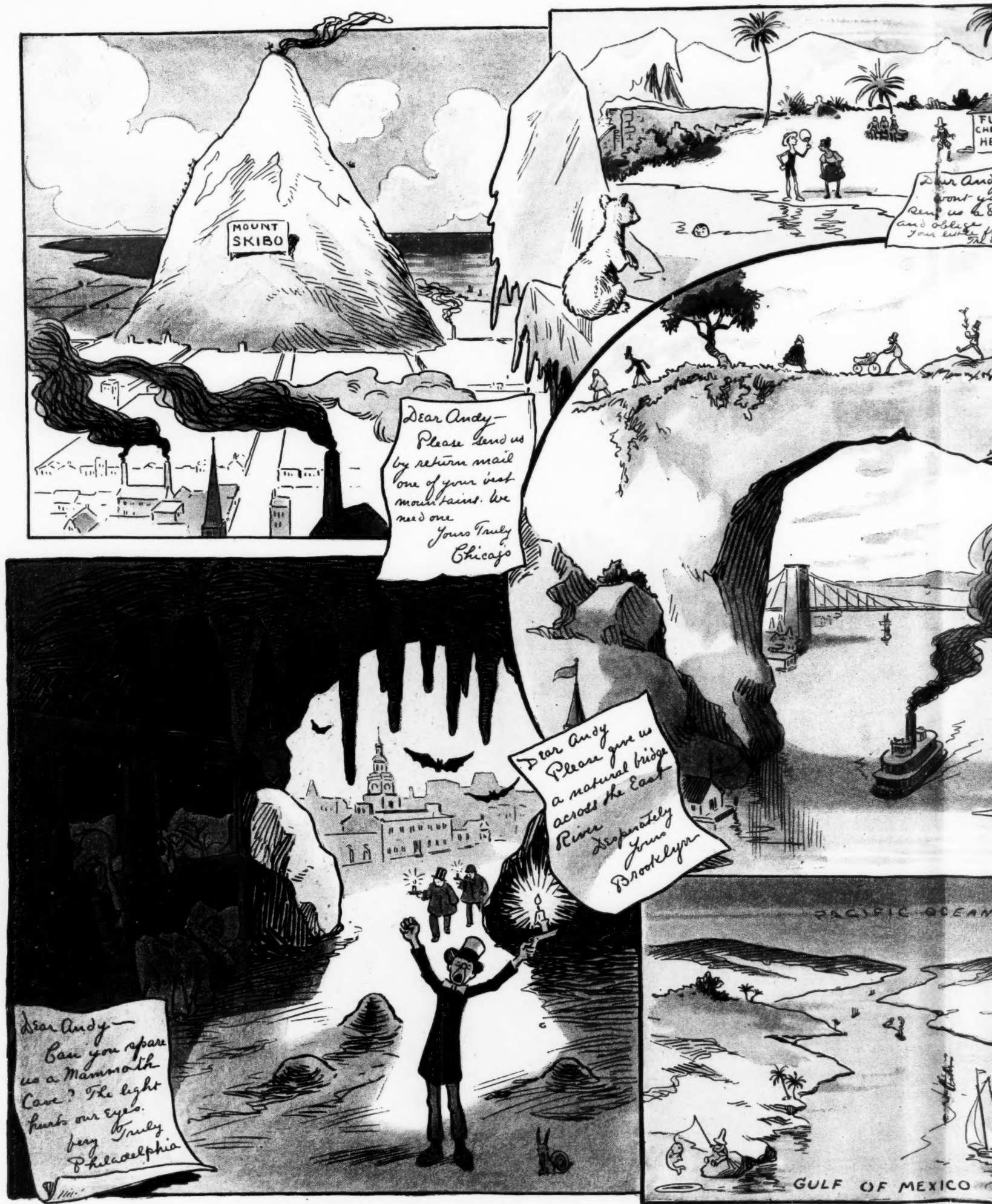


UNDER THE INFLUENCE.

ONE OF THE HOT BIRDS. — I say, Cheepy, old fel, I thought
owls slept only in the day time.

THE OTHER. — They do, as a rule, old chap; but *this* one lately
got a night watchman's job.

A good deal of mushroom aristocracy is raised in wine cellars.



THE PUCK PRESS

PHILANTHROPIST A
HIS GIFT OF A LAKE TO PRINCETON SUGGESTS OTHER DEFIC

TESTS OTHER DEFICIENCIES OF NATURE WHICH CARNEGIE MAY SUPPLY.

PUCK

WASHINGTON NEWS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. — Mr. Penne of Rhode Island offered a resolution of inquiry concerning the reputed relation existing between the profession of literature and politics in the state of Indiana, with a view of collecting data, for possible use in other quarters, as to the success attained by writers of fiction in the latter field. The resolution was agreed to without debate.

Mr. Walkure of New Jersey spoke against the proposition to establish a national theatre at the Capitol, to be erected and maintained by the government, for the purpose, among others, of elevating the stage; taking the ground that an institution of this kind would embody the idea of paternalism in its worst form, and would also have the tendency to revive and perpetuate the almost defunct policy of issuing free passes to Members of Congress.

Mr. Banks of Ohio demanded the previous question on his bill extending the statute of limitations against sundry violations to ninety-nine years and to further increase its efficiency in the matter of apprehending Sunday School Superintendents, who travel for their health and other purposes.

In reply, Mr. De Grasse of Nebraska stated that he was prepared to vote for this and other measures of similar import, as their passage would constitute a decided step in the right direction, that of government ownership.

A resolution to further investigate the reported uprising in opposition to mixed schools in certain states of the Union, and also seeking information from the proper authorities as to the presence of supposed oriental spies in the Island of Cuba, was referred to the Committee on War Relations.

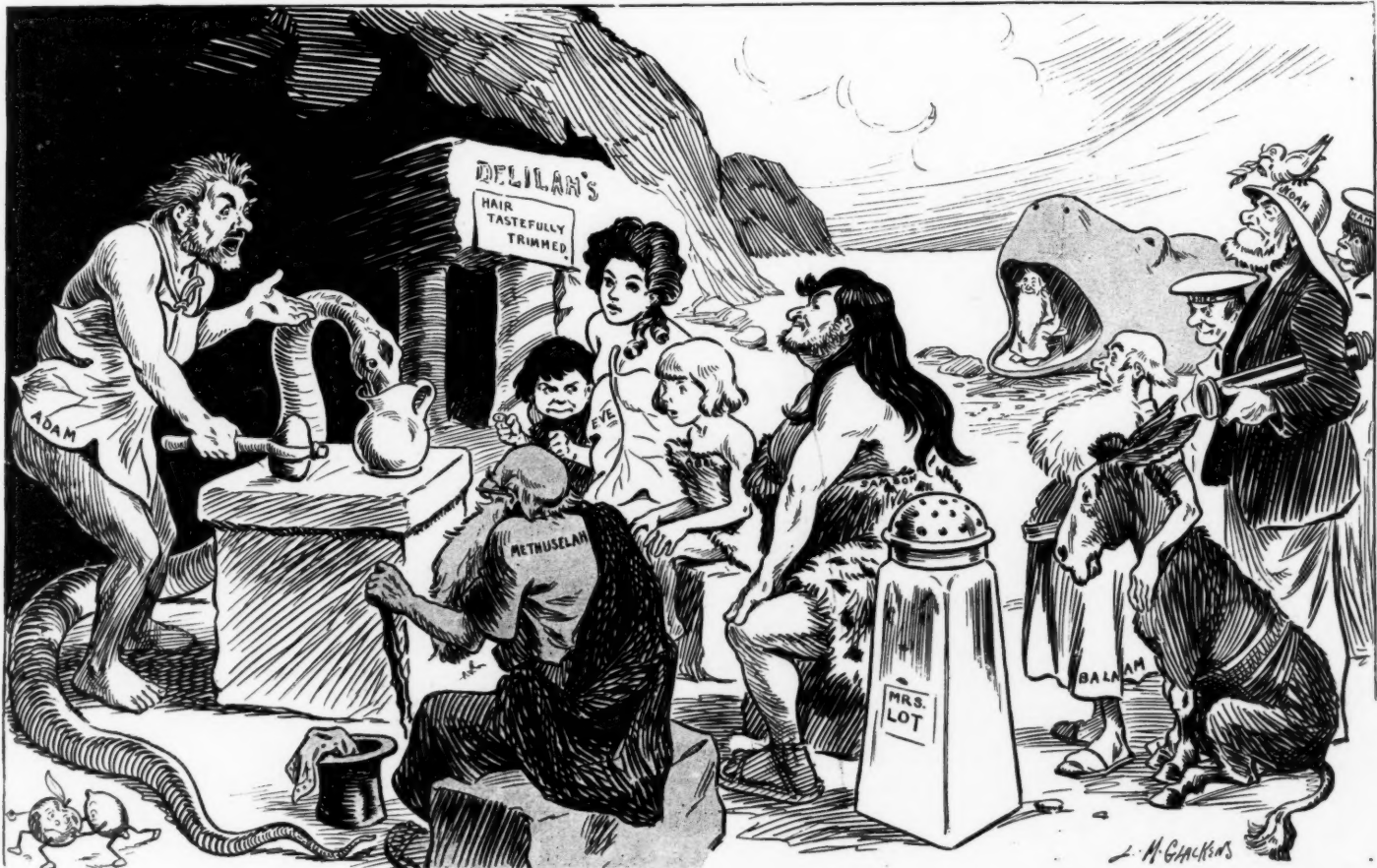
A bill providing for the erection of a hall of fame, to be located at the National Capitol, supplying space for statues, and other memo-



HOME COMFORTS.

MR. FORBERFIVE. — By Jove, old man, did you hurt yourself? I meant to tell you about that glass wall. It's a little idea of mine to make the flat look larger.

rial objects, in honor of members who refused to vote themselves increased salaries, was defeated, as was also a bill to establish, in connection with the Treasury Department, a bureau of aerial navigation. M. C.



A MYTHICAL KICK COMING.

PRESIDENT ADAM. — Fellow Myths! We are gathered here to-day to protest against the heretical utterances of one Dr. Crapsey, who repeatedly asserts that we never existed.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. EVER NOTICE IT?



MRS. HUMBLE.—I regret being obliged to ask it, but could you possibly wait until next week for the amount of your bill? It is only five dollars, and I've always paid you promptly hitherto.

THE BUTCHER.—Well, I s'pose so; but it's terrible hard on us poor tradesmen who have to make *our* payments reg'lar.



MRS. FAKE-SHODDY.—How *dare* you send us a bill, even if we *do* owe you four hundred dollars! It's a perfect insult, and my husband says he'll not put up with it.

THE BUTCHER.—Why—er—I beg your pardon, Ma'am, I'm sure! Must be my book-keeper's mistake, Ma'am! Got some fine cutlets t'day, Ma'am. Shan't I send some up?

ALMOST A SURPRISE.



HEN THE young man with the one-dollar derby swung airily into the drugstore the proprietor was back in the mysterious laboratory mixing up a prescription.

"Just look right under that counter on your left," he called wearily as he peeked at the new-comer through his little window. "You'll find two of them there but you can tell this year's directory because it's thicker than the other."

"Oh, I don't want to look at no directory," the young man began.

"I see," interrupted the tired druggist. "I'll be at the stamp

counter just as soon as I can wash my hands. I'm sorry we haven't any more two-cent stamps but perhaps you can use ones."

"But," the young man put in, "I don't want any stamps. You see all I'm after is—"

"Of course, of course," acquiesced the druggist, as he emerged wiping his hands on a towel, "I'll be glad to let you have a drink of water. People come in quite often this weather. The fountain's over here."

The young man tilted his derby farther back while an expression of annoyance overspread his face.

"But I don't want you to give me anything. Understand?—nothing at all. I want to get—"

"What?" exclaimed the druggist, clutching his heart, "you want to *buy* something? *Don't* tell me that! I couldn't stand it!"

"No," said the young man, "not that exactly. But I want to get your subscription for the *Ladies' Household Adviser*—lovely paper, beautiful paper, and *so* helpful—signed articles on cooking, sweeping, making your own dresses, washing and ironing, marriage and home gardening in every issue. One dollar and fifty cents the year—payable in advance—November and December numbers free gratis. How did you say you spell your last name?"

ITS MAIDEN NAME.

"LOOK HERE!" demanded the drummer who had just descended from the train at Lobstockville. "What is that hotel you are calling? I never heard of it before?"

"Why, boss," replied the colored porter, "dis am de new name for de old house—Hotel Hungerford, *nee* Occidental, yo' know, sah."

THERE isn't anything much more uncomfortable than to jump at conclusions that are not there.



MERIT REWARDED.

MRS. HUSKY (*of Greenland*).—Be warned, my sons, by your poor, dear father's fate, and never volunteer for a dash to the Pole.



THE ORIGINAL MAN-HIGHER-UP.

A dozen failures are the price of every success, and even then the goods will most likely be delivered to somebody else.



Miller HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle BEER

Miller "High-Life" Beer has that rich, pure and pleasing taste called the "MILLER TASTE" gained by perfection in brewing.

Cleanliness and Purity are our strong points and are very essential in beer making.

We spend large sums annually in this direction, our experience being of sixty years' standing.

Our Malt and Hops are the very best money can buy and the best obtainable on the world's markets and are selected by expert brew-masters.

We filter all our beer and sterilize every bottle before it leaves our brewery.

The reason Miller Beer is so much better than other beer is in the way it's brewed.

HENRY C. BOTJER, Distributor, 353 Broadway, Long Island City, N. Y.

MILWAUKEE

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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PUCK PRESS

PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK

SEND FOR ESTIMATES



UMPH?

MISTAH CLAUDE.—Seems lak yo' wos doin' mighty well fo' a beginner. Reckon yo' done wos born wif a silbah skate on yo' foot.

With men of affairs, Abbott's Bitters are the great tonic and aid to digestion. They are recommended by leading physicians. All druggists.

LOVELY MARY.

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
She tied a ribbon round its neck;
I didn't mind it, though.

The lamb, you see, was only stuffed,
It could not skip or bleat,
Therefore it never followed her
When she went down the street.

I loved the gentle Mary well,
And I will tell you this:
I'm glad her lamb was not a dog
For her to pet and kiss.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

ACCOMMODATING.

HICKS.—Say, old fellow, just lend me ten dollars, will you, for two weeks?
WICKS.—Sure, old man. Just go over to old Titefist and borrow it in my name.—Somerville Journal.

NOT IN THE SAME CLASS.

"Aren't you and Mrs. Tillinghast on friendly terms?"
"Gracious, no! Her husband runs a retail establishment. Mine is in the wholesale trade."—Chicago Record-Herald.

FAVORS A TEACHERS' UNION.

"I see the teachers' meetin'
In Denver have a plan
Fer gittin' up a union,"
Said little Billy Mann;
"I'd like to see 'em do it,
I think they really should,
Fer us kids that they're teachin'
"Twould do a lot of good.

"Fer instance, when they'd whip us,
The union rules would fix
It so they'd have to let up
With jist so many licks,
They'd only work eight hours—
That there would tickle me,
Fer then they couldn't keep us
In after school, you see.

"An' then, jist think how dandy
"Twould be when they would strike!
They'd keep us 'way with shotguns,
Say—that's jist what we'd like.
Less hope they git together
An' form a union quick,
The present way they do things
Sure makes us fellers sick."

—Denver Post.

THE boy who has lived to be four-
teen years old and has never punched
another boy has no reason to expect
any favors from this administration.—
Somerville Journal.



FIRST OVER THE BARS
AND
BEST OVER THE BARS

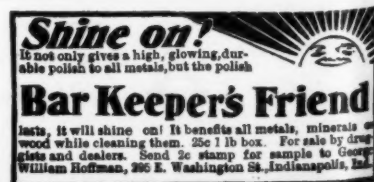
HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

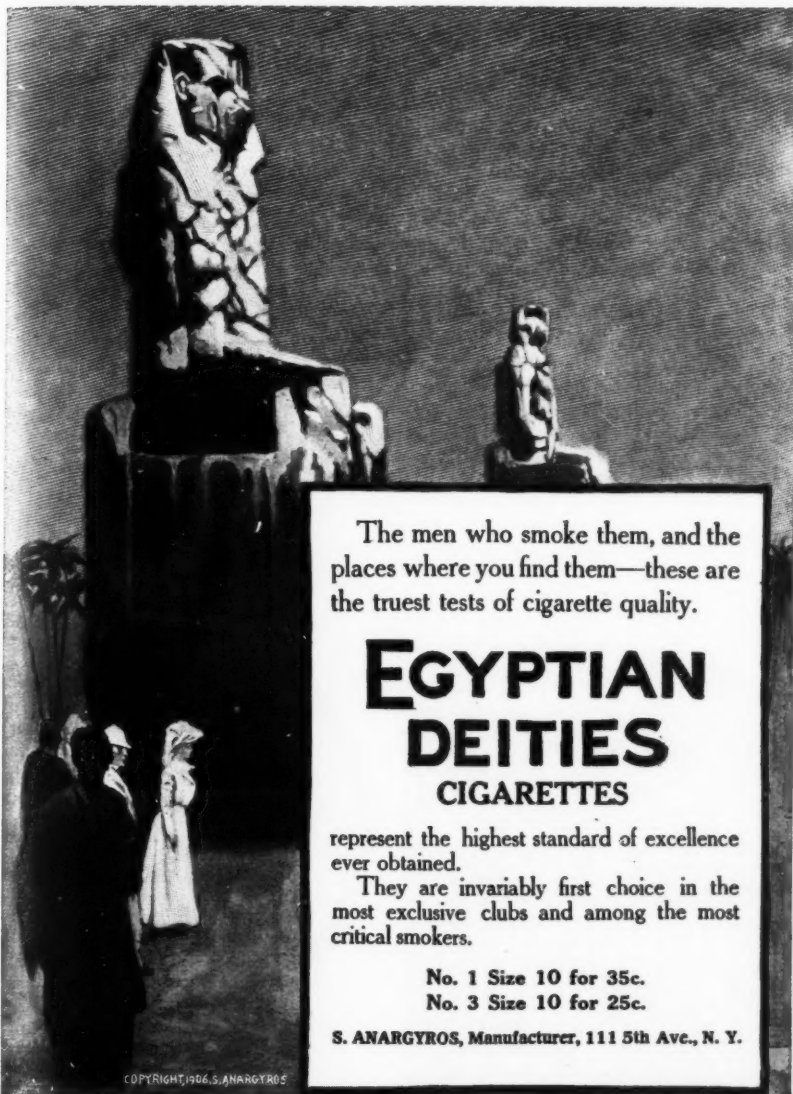
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WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

27, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.





The men who smoke them, and the places where you find them—these are the true tests of cigarette quality.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

CIGARETTES

represent the highest standard of excellence ever obtained.

They are invariably first choice in the most exclusive clubs and among the most critical smokers.

No. 1 Size 10 for 35c.
No. 3 Size 10 for 25c.

S. ANAGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 5th Ave., N. Y.

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Egyptian Scenes—The Colossi of Memnon at Thebes.



WELL FITTED.

THE SARCASTIC RABBIT.—Dear me! I wonder why they don't send dogs to dig the Panama Canal.

The first thing in the morning, if you need a bracer should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.

LIKE MOST CAMPAIGNS.

"What was the feature of the Cuban campaign?"

"The cigars," replied the absent-minded veteran, who was deeply interested in politics.—*Cleveland Press*.

A NEW YORK woman is suing a poet for \$650,000. He will probably be very willing to divide with her if she gets it.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Wilson —

For guarantee of purity,
see back label on every bottle;

That's All!

CAN'T HELP IT.

PATIENCE.—Are they close friends?

PATRICE.—I should say so! They live in the same flat! — *Yonkers Statesman*.

TOO SUGGESTIVE.

"Boulder and his chorus girl wife can't agree on a place to live."

"What's the trouble?"

"Boulder wants to live in the outskirts, and she says that would continually remind her of her life on the stage." — *Cleveland Press*.

THE wife of George Cohan, the playwright, is to seek divorce. Can it be that they have been chewing the "Grand Old Rag?" — *Denver Post*.

THE only good and safe way to buy anything on the dollar-a-week plan is to put away a dollar a week in a tin box somewhere until you have got enough laid up to make the purchase. — *Somerville Journal*.

LOFTIS SYSTEM

DIAMONDS

ON CREDIT

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Beeman's

THE ORIGINAL

Pepsin

Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-Sickness.

All Others are Imitations.

MONEY not only talks, but it insists that everybody else shall listen. — *Somerville Journal*.

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HIS BAD MEMORY.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK.—When I was a boy in school I was always forgetting my letters.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—And now you are a married man, you're always forgetting mine! — *Yonkers Statesman*.

STEADY OUTGO.

WYLYNS.—Smythe was telling me a while ago that he really didn't know what to do with his income, but he is all right now.

WATKINS.—How so?

WILKINS.—He has got an automobile. — *Somerville Journal*.

DOING IT UP.

"This bill is too high," said the customer.

"Too high?" ejaculated the laundryman.

"That's what I said; too high."

"But, man, do you know how long it takes to do up a shirt?"

"Why, about four washings." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

PRACTICAL.

"The great need of Russia," began the wise man, "is a scheme of benevolence."

"Oh, come off," broke in an auditor, who was more flippant; "Russia's lack is a scheme for the bombproofing of chiefs of police." — *Philadelphia Ledger*.

NO HANDICAP.

"What are your prospects, young man?" asked the cautious father.

"Fine," replied the confident youth. "I am neither an English duke nor a French count." — *Cleveland Press*.

BLUE TOP

PERRIER
JOUËT
BRUT

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For All
Uses

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everywhere

DISORDER.

It certainly was most grotesque
The way he would litter his desque;
Yet he plainly showed pique
If one ventured to spique
And tell him 'twas not picturesque.
— *Philadelphia Ledger*.

Most babies are homely little things;
but it isn't well to say so to their
mothers. — *Somerville Journal*.

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Sunny Brook Distillery Co., Jefferson County, Ky.



OBVIOUS.

THE BOOK AGENT.—Is the lady of the house at home?
GROGAN (just after the tiff).—Can't yez see she is?

JOHN JAMESON
THREE STAR
WHISKEY
Meets the demand
for
something better.

Sole Agents
W. A. Taylor & Co.
New York

SPREADING HERSELF.

"Bridget, we are to have company for dinner to-morrow, and I do hope you'll spread yourself?"

"Never fear, ma'am; and if I can find a hoopskirt I'll put that on, too!" — *Yonkers Statesman.*

A TOUGH ONE.

"Who was that farmer whose beard you trimmed?" asked the man on the second chair.

"Trimmed!" echoed the man on the third chair. "I didn't trim it. I pruned it." — *Cleveland Press.*

EASILY SATISFIED.

"Notoriety is dearer than anything else to that man."

"Yes. He's all puffed up for an hour if he happens to see his name in the city directory." — *Phila. Ledger.*

PUCK PROOFS

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WHEW!

"If this isn't the hottest day we've had, I'll eat my hat."
By Merle Johnson.

Photogravure in Sepia, 8 x 12 in. PRICE 25 CENTS.

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NO, INDEED.

CHURCH.—Do you suppose they'll ever have women on the Police Force?

GOHAM.—Never; couldn't possibly get 'em to appear as plain-clothes women! — *Yonkers Statesman.*

NO CAUSE FOR ENTHUSIASM.

"I know my sermon entered the hearts of the men in the congregation," declared the enthusiastic minister.

"No doubt of it," remarked a man who had heard it. "It bored its way in." — *Cleveland Press.*

EXTREMES.

For girls who know their feet are small We do not care a fig.

They're ill-proportioned, after all — It makes their heads too big.

— *Catholic Standard and Times.*

A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



HONESTLY, did you ever get a bar-mixed cocktail that was ever right to your taste? CLUB COCKTAILS are carefully measure-mixed, not guessed at; made of finest liquors, aged in wood, mellow and of delicious aroma.

To serve: strain through cracked ice. Seven varieties: Insist on CLUB at your own Club or from good grocers and dealers everywhere.

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HAMMOND STORME — How are the meals in this boarding house?

WOODY FORREST. — About as filling and satisfying as the stage banquet of a one-night stand.

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Invaluable in the Home and Office.

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Bitter Liqueur.

Be Sure
You Get
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Bitters

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LUYTIES BROTHERS,
General Agents,
New York.

Enjoyable as a cocktail
and better for you.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

"After all," said the philosopher, "the real joy of a thing is in the anticipation of it."

"Well," replied Henpeck, "if there's any joy in matrimony that must be it." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

MARITAL FLINGS.

"I had men kneeling at my feet before I ever met you," she remarked, as a sort of climax to their spat.

"Yes?" he responded, with the suggestion of a sneer. "Hard luck for me all those shoe clerks were married or mere kids, wasn't it?"

Of course, this spoiled the climax, for the end was not yet. — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

It is a sad fact that with rags and bottles man can always do a good business in a prohibition town. — *Somerville Journal.*

CIGARS AND CIGARS.

CUSTOMER.—I want a cigar.

DEALER.—Yes, sir; here's a good cigar. Five cents straight.

CUSTOMER.—I want a cigar.

DEALER.—Beg your pardon, sir. Here's our special fifteen cent straight. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

It's just as easy
to get the
best—

All dealers
sell Evans' Ale
and Stout

General Guaranty Filed



TO KEEP THE FARM GOING.

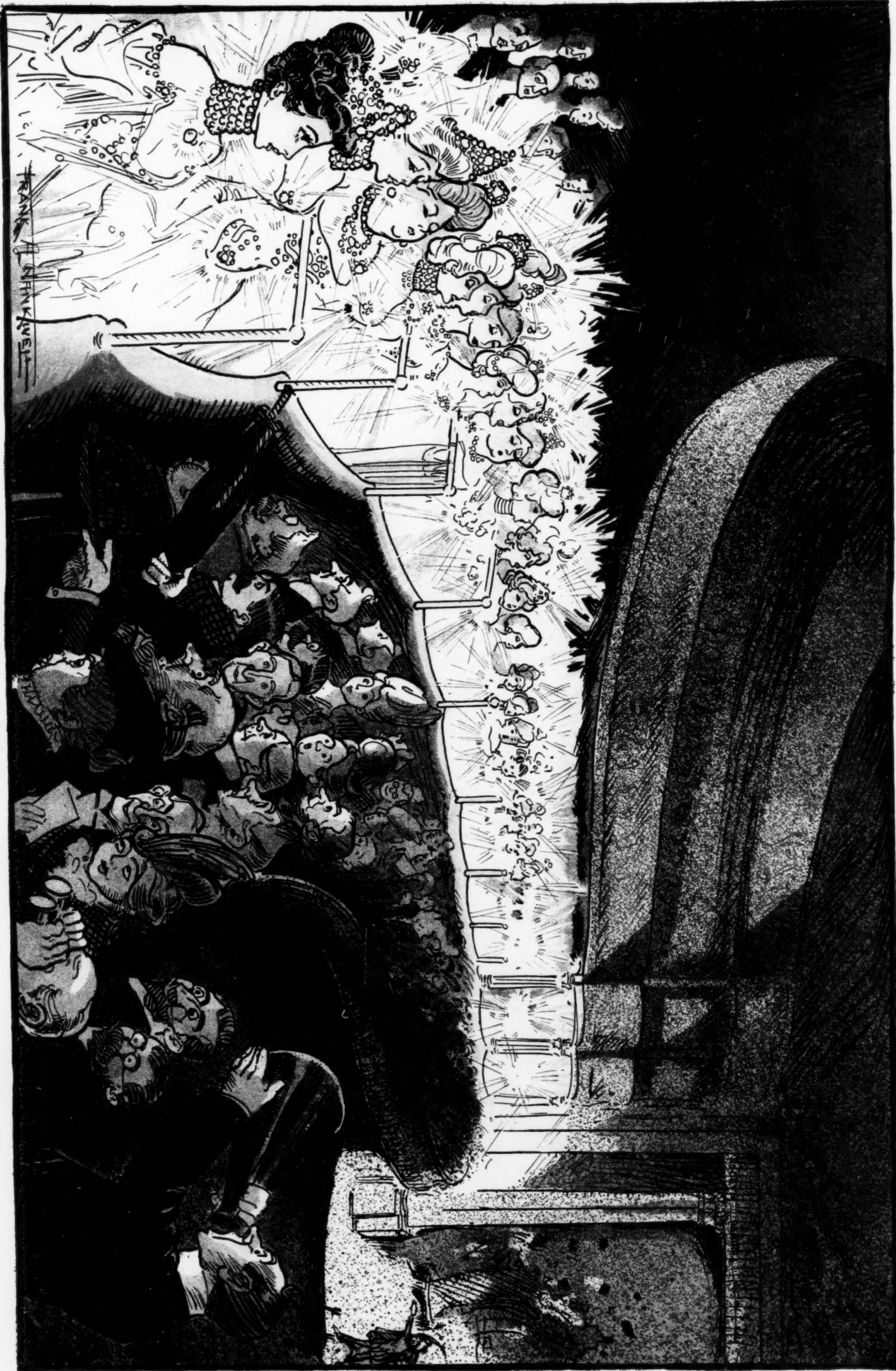
"Buskin says you make quite a bit of money off your farm."

"Well, I have to make it somewhere." — *Cleveland Press.*

A MAN taking his first baby to be christened doesn't care when Napoleon was born. — *Somerville Journal.*



THE closest buyer in Somerville is the man who always buys two one-cent stamps instead of one two-cent stamp, because he gets more for his money. — *Somerville Journal.*



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A FRIENDLY HINT TO HERR CONNED, NOW THAT HE HAS A COMPETITOR IN THE GRAND OPERA BUSINESS.